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WHEN WE GO HOME

When we go home, think you 'tis true
That we shall know as once we knew—
You speak with me and I with you—
When we go home?

When we go home I hope to see
A little face look straight at me,
Unchanged from what it used to be,
When we go home.

When we go home 'twill be to hear
A darling voice, so low and clear
Our hearts were thrilled to think it near,
When we go home.

When we go home—we know not when,
Nor do we care, if only then
We live again the old "has-been,"
When we go home.

When we go home, it must be so,
From out the shades of long-ago
Will come the friends we lost below—
When we go home.

—J. L. Scott.

In Memory Of

Teresa Josephine Donlin Moran
Name

Deceased
December 25, 1929
Date

Place of Birth
Peoria Illinois.

Date
January 7, 1852

Age

77	11	18
Years	Months	Days

THEY SLEEP

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife,
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,
From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
To lay me down.

For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
And heavenly light!

—Crammond Kennedy.

SERVICES

St Patrick's Catholic Church.
Place

10:A.M. December 27, 1929.
Hour Date

St. Joseph, Missouri.

Officiating

Rev. P. J. Carney.

Text of Sermon:-

"Blessed Are The Dead
Who Die In The Lord."

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live,—nevermore to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim,
(Ah! through how many different graves
God's children go to him!)—

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass;
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, "Alas"?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captives have escaped?

'Tis but a mound,—and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears;
The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose—our tears!

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

—Anonymous.

MUSIC

Hymns.

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa,"

"Mother Dear, O Pray For Me"

"Hymn to the Sacred Heart."

MY FATHER'S CHILD

ABOUT her head or floating feet
No halo's starry gleam,
Still dark and swift uprising, like
A bubble in a stream,—

A soul from whose rejoicing heart
The bonds of earth were riven,
Sped upward through the silent night
To the closed gates of heaven.

And waiting heard a voice: "Who comes
To calm Eternity?
Hero or saint that bled and died
Mankind to save and free?"

She bent her head. The voice once more:
"Didst thou then toil and live
For home and children—to thy love
Last breath and heart's-blood give?"

Her head sank lower still. She clasped
Her hands upon her breast,—
"Oh, no!" she whispered, "my dim life
Has never been so blest!

"I trod a lonely, barren path,
And neither great nor good,
Gained not a hero's palm, nor won
The crown of motherhood!

"Oh, I was naught!" Yet suddenly
The white lips faintly smiled,
"Save, oh, me thinks I was, mayhap
My Heavenly Father's child!"

A flash of light, a cry of joy,
And with uplifted eyes
The soul, through gates rolled open wide,
Passed into Paradise.

—Gertrude Bloede.

SERVICES

Song Selections

Selections Rendered By

Organist: Miss Marie Knight.

Soloist: Miss Gloggner

Children's Choir

AWAY

I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
As he wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you,—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here:

* * * * * * * * *

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird.

And he pitied as much as a man in pain.
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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RELATIVES ATTENDING

Harry L. Moran
James B. Moran and Wife
Dr and Mrs. C. H. Werner
Mrs. D. A. Sargent
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Moran
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Moran
Miss Laura Moran
Joseph Moran
Miss Catherine Moran
Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Riley
Mr. and Mrs. Frank. Werner
Lawrence Werner, Sr.
Mrs. L. E. Bauman + husband
Miss Teresa Bauman
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Bauman
Sister Agnes Vincent
Miss Clementine Bauman
Mr. Leo Stock

Lines From Seeking a Water Fall

"What matter though we seek with pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet

"To seek is better than to gain,
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

"So failure wins; the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And ever more the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

"Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

"For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

"O kind allures, wisely sent,
Beguiling with benign intent,
Still move us, through divine intent
To seek the loveliest and the best.

"Go with us when our souls go free,
And into the clear, white light to be,
Add unto heaven's beatitude
The old delight of seeking good."

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

PALL BEARERS

Leo. Stock.
Name

2306 Herman St
Address

Edward Moran.
Name

1517 Patee St.
Address

Frank Werner.
Name

802 South 19th St.
Address

Robert Riley.
Name

624 South 14th St.
Address

C. J. Hauber.
Name

610 South 14th St.
Address

Richard J. Rigney.
Name

1205 South 19th St
Address

OVER THE RIVER
(Continued)

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—Nancy Woodbury Priest.

SOCIETIES ATTENDING

Ladies Auxiliary to the
Knights of Father Matthew

SOCIETIES MEMBER OF

Ladies Auxiliary
Knights of Father Matthew
of
St Patrick's Church.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

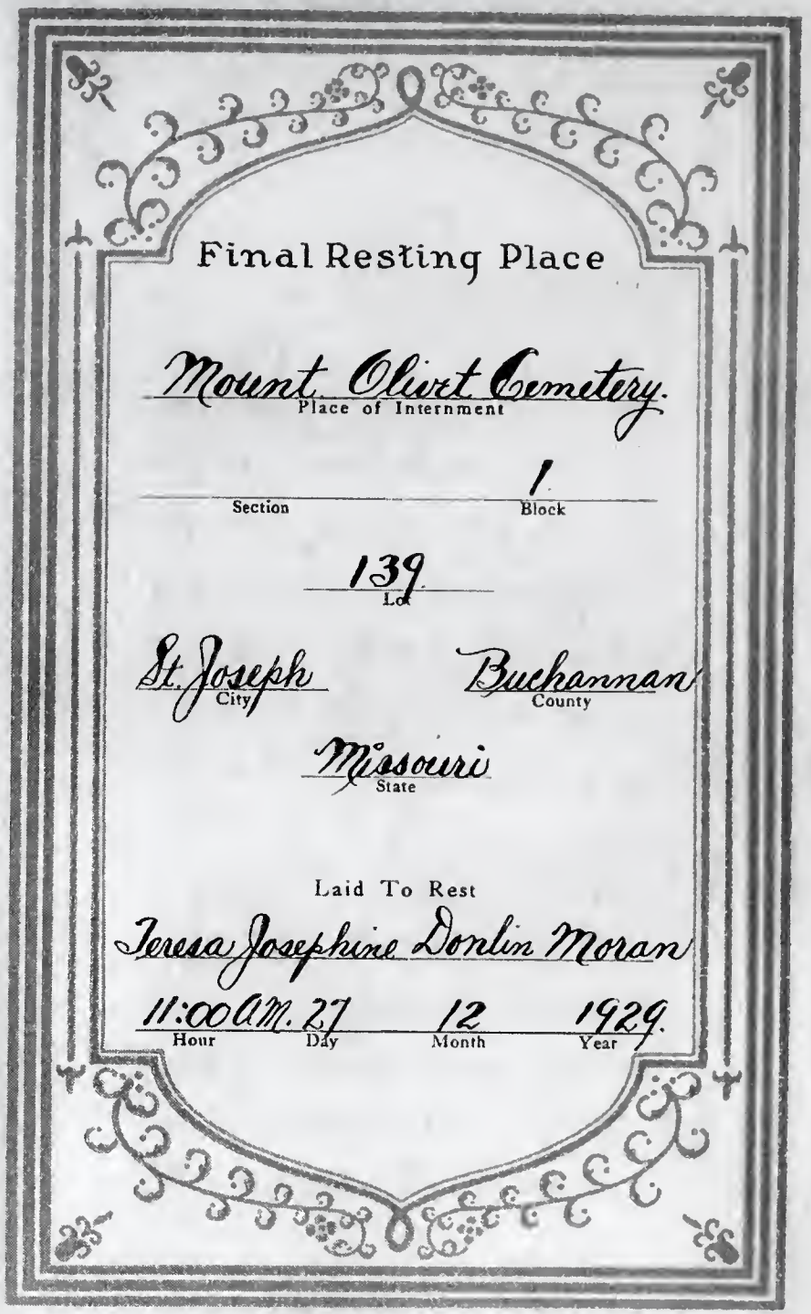
"My Lord has need of the flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



FAITH

It is faith that bridges the land of breath
To the realms of the souls departed,
That comforts the living in days of death,
And strengthens the heavy-hearted.
It is faith in his dreams that keeps a man
Face front to the odds about him,
And he shall conquer who thinks he can,
In spite of the throngs who doubt him.

Each must stand in the court of life
And pass through the hours of trial;
He shall tested be by the rules of strife,
And tried for his self-denial.
Time shall bruise his soul with loss of friends,
And frighten him with disaster,
But he shall find when the anguish ends
That of all things faith is master

So keep your faith in the God above,
And faith in the righteous truth,
It shall bring you back to the absent love,
And the joys of a vanished youth.
You shall smile once more when your tears are dried,
Meet trouble and swiftly rout it,
For faith is the strength of the soul inside,
And lost is the man without it.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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FRIENDS ATTENDING

Lena C. Schall
Mr and Mrs. Nat Lee
Mrs. A. J. Bliley
Minna Schuell
Helen Lysaght
Mrs. R. J. Rigney
Mary Moyles
Harriet Barry Drew
Mrs. J. W. Baker
Mrs. J. F. Fogarty
Mrs. J. H. Dolt
Mrs. Wm Blankenship
Charles Hauber, Jr.
Mrs. Charles J. Hauber
Henry Bauman
L. Grieshaber
Mr. and Mrs Jas. Downs
Mr. John Downs

COMPENSATION

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled a needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there,
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That some one's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while;
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

—Edgar A. Guest.

From the book "The Path to Home," copyright 1919. Used by permission of the Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.

FRIENDS ATTENDING

at Home.

Elizabeth Doran, Maud Flynn
Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Mc Namara.
Mrs. T. Burke + Catherine
Mr. and Mrs. T. Waldron
Florence Hannan + Alice H. Ready
Nell Nolan, Clara Rader,
Mollie Mc Aleer, Agnes Lysaght
Mary and Julia Meere
Louis Schaefer
Mr. and Mrs. V. Hansen + Mary Madeline
Frank O'Rourke
Office Friends of James'
Mrs. Emma Schaefer, Mrs. Yerle
Mrs C. Grunwald, Mr + Mrs. F. J. Staedtler
Mr. and Mrs. Wm Dienger, Mr + Mrs. Harry
Sprengel, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hauber
Mrs. Elizabeth Doring

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou, go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

From Thanatopsis.

FRIENDS ATTENDING

at Home

Mr and Mrs. G. M. O'Rourke

Mr. and Mrs. Wm Homer

Mrs. Burford

Grace Reardon

Mrs. McLain

Mrs. Julia Woodson Edman

Mr. and Mrs Albert Hoehn

Virgil Stock

Dr. R. E. Ferguson

Kate and Mamie Oder

BIOGRAPHY

Teresa Josephine Donlin was born in Peoria, Illinois, January 7, 1852, the youngest child of Bernard and Catherine O'Hanlon [Duke] Donlin. She had three brothers, Edward, John and James Christopher, and three sisters, Ellen Maria, Catherine and Julia E. An elder half-brother, Bernard Duke, had died earlier, while the family lived in New Orleans, La.

She attended the Parochial School in Peoria under Father Ryan, the "Poet-Priest", from whom she received, as a reward for highest grades, a large copy of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair", which she still possessed at the time of her death. After graduation from the Peoria Normal School, she taught school for a time, but her health was not good and she came west to join her brothers, Edward and John, on a farm near Creston, Iowa. Later she made her home with these brothers in Hopkins.

Following the death of Mrs. James Donlin, she kept house for her brother, Dr. James Donlin, and cared for his little son, Charles, until her brother remarried.

On October 15, 1878, she was married to James Moran, an attorney then practicing law in Hopkins, Mo.

BIOGRAPHY

The wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Donlin, the attendants being Hattie Donlin and Charles E. Donlin, niece and nephew of the bride. Fr. P. J. Harrison of Maryville was the officiating priest, the witnesses being Edward and John Donlin, Bernard Moran and Mary Dyer. On their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Moran visited Chicago, stopping at the Palmer House, and Berlin, Wisconsin, the groom's boyhood home.

Upon their return they made their home in Hopkins, where their two eldest children were born, Nellie H. in August, 1879, and John Bernard in May, 1881. About 1882 they moved to Lebanon, Mo. Here the second son, Harry Leo, was born May 22, 1883. About 1889 they moved to St. Joseph, Mo., and on August 10, 1890, the third son, James Jr., was born.

In September, 1903 the home at 1109 So. Twelfth St. was purchased. In March, 1906, the eldest son died at Nogales, Arizona, and was buried in Mt. Olivet. In April, 1910, Mrs. Moran's sister Ellen died at her home. Here too, Mr. Moran

died January 26, 1912, having been actively engaged in the practice of his profession until a short time before his death. Mrs. Moran continued to make her home at 1109 until January, 1924, when she went to her daughter's home, because of serious illness. In May, 1927, She and her daughter and son-in-law returned to 1109 to make their home.

Her children had married as follows:

May 15, 1912, Harry Leo to Miss Allie C. Roe of Portland, Oregon.

Feb. 24, 1916, Nell H. to Dr. Charles H. Werner.

Jan. 31, 1923, James B. to Grace E. Simmon.

On August 23, 1929, Mrs. Moran fell in the yard at her home, sustaining an impacted fracture of the right hip. Late in December she contracted bronchial pneumonia from which she died at 6 A.M. Christmas morning, 1929

She was a devoted, self-sacrificing mother, kind and patient always, faithful to her friends, and a devout, practical Catholic. "Heaven will surely open for her".

DEATH C
There

Miss Lena Schall - Spiritual Bouquet

Mass by Fr. Grohman at Bristol, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hauber, Spiritual Bouquet

Two Masses by Fr. Grohman at Bristol

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Werner, Spiritual Bouquet

Mass by Fr. Niemann at

Immaculate Conception Church,

St. Joseph, Missouri

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass
will be offered

for the repose of the soul of
Mrs. Teresa J. Moran
with the sympathy of
Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Hauber

Spokane, Wn.
Jan. 15th, 1930

My Dear Nell, and all the Family! -

The News-Press came to-day, and we all are sad to learn of the death of your dear Mother. What a sad Christmas for you! We all send love and sympathy, and hope the dear Lord will comfort you.

Olga sent us a clipping a few days ago, and I started a letter to you the same day, but company came, and I did not get to finish it.

Was your Mother ill, long? Hope she did not have to suffer. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her, for to know her, was to love her -

All last year slipped by so fast, and I neglected writing as often as I should to my friends, and lately, I've heard

from general, who have lost a beloved.
You remember Ethel Foster, of Colorado
Springs? She lost her Father about a
month ago.-

Walter has a fit carbuncle on his
neck, and I am keeping hot flax
seed pads on it this evening.

Mother and Father are fairly well.-
Walter is manager of the Drapery and
Bedding departments at the store, now.
I also still working, and like it very
much.

We had a wonderful Winter here -
until a few days ago - when it dropped
to zero - and to-day we had our
first snow, except a few flurries before.
Perhaps will have a "spell" of Winter now.

Well dear, be brave, in this sad hour,
and give all, our love and sympathy.
Write us, when you feel like doing
so -

Your friends -

Alma -

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Moran, Spiritual Bouquet

1/27/50 Mass at Holly, Colo. by Fr. Grahman-

Mrs. Anna Moran Finley, Los Angeles

Spiritual Bouquet, Prayers and

Communions of self and children

Mr. and Mrs. James Moran

Floral Bouquet, White Chrysan-

themums and Autumn Leaves

Mrs. Thomas Norris, Mrs. Anna Barry Wood, Kansas City, and Mrs. C. H. Drew
Floral Bouquet, Red Rosebuds

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grunwald
Floral Bouquet, Red Roses

M Office Force of Collier-Adams
Floral Bouquet
Three other bouquets from
friend of James

Kan City
Mo
1-3 1930
6215 Tracy

Dear Mrs Werner
Received your note of
your mothers Death
was so sorry you have
my deepest Sympathony
in your Sorrow,
your note came Friday
morning 20 min to 10
Oclock was to late
to come sorry to loose
Such a dear Friend
your cincere Friend
Mrs C C Clark

Miss Helen Wood
Note of Condolence

Mrs. C. C. Clark

Mrs. N. W. Northway, Spokane, Wash.

Mr. Wm. J. Donlin, Creston, Ia

Mrs. Max Torrey Moore

Mrs. J. J. Blanchard

(Cousin Nelle Moran)

Denver Colo
Jan 23-1930

My dear Nell, John & Harry:-
Having written the Lawlor family
a note, they sent me a copy of the
Tribune in which I read of the
passing of your Mother.
You have my sincere sympathy
but just think my dear Mother

Miss Anna M. Adams

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Bauman

Mrs. T. V. Cassidy, Huntington Park

Mrs. Mary Donlin

Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Sargent

Miss L. Jessie Lomax

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wines

M Sister Lucile (Mary Wilson

Mrs R.L. Hill (nee Jennie Will)

Mrs. Tilla Donlin

Mrs. A. A. Heflin

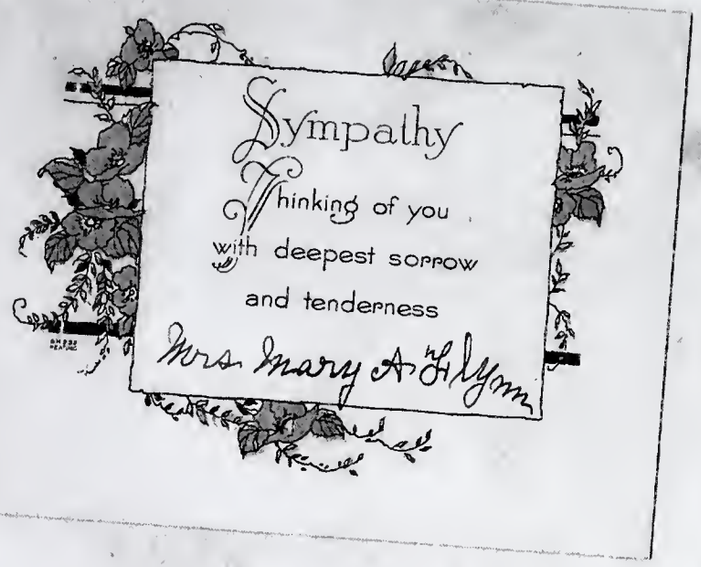
1009 Manzana Ct.

Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Mrs. M. Larkin, Chicago,

6603 Greenview Ave.

Mrs. Anna Rochford Downes, Chicago



Mrs. Mary A. Flynn, Denver

1256 Washington St.

Mrs. W. A Piner

Mrs. Wm Blankenship

Mrs. Nora Kelley White

218 R.R. Ave., Kent, Wash.

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12/21/2018
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HF GROUP - IN